

# Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

Ernest Brenner, the new president of Switzerland, is only 44 years old, but is one of the ablest international lawyers in Europe. He is a native of the Canton of Basle.

According to advices from London Japan has invited tenders for the establishment of an armor-plate factory at Tokyo, which, it is thought, means that in the future Japan intends to construct her own war vessels.

It conveys a rather striking idea of the growth of the country in population to consider that the two states of Iowa and Minnesota contain together more inhabitants than did the country over which Washington became president in 1789.

Owing to the ever increasing number of her warships in the Pacific Russia has decided on extensive improvements at Vladivostok and Port Arthur. The cost of these figures in the budget for 1901 amounts in round numbers to the comfortable sum of \$1,000,000 for Vladivostok and \$1,500,000 for Port Arthur.

Electricians have just talked across the Mississippi at St. Paul by telephone without wires, and it is believed that conversation can be carried on in the same way at twelve miles distance. May we not look forward to the time when all the people of the earth will be for social purposes in a single room?

At an experiment in St. Joseph, Mo., a cat was apparently killed by a shock of electricity carefully administered. Two hours after the heart had ceased to beat the current was reversed and the second shock restored the heart beats, faintly at first, but growing stronger until the cat was finally released as playful and frisky as ever.

Tunis, the famous black horse which General Boulanger rode at the review in 1886, has died. Before his death the former minister of war consigned the animal to the charge of his friend, M. Louis Barbier, who sent it to the Girondo to end its days in peace. It has been decided to send the animal's tail as a present to M. Henri Rochefort.

The minister of war in Sweden has prepared a bill establishing compulsory military service and there is no doubt that in due course it will be passed by the Swedish parliament. Up to the present time the Swedish army has been recruited by voluntary enlistment, deficiencies being filled up by a certain number of men being compelled to serve for a period of ninety days.

Plans for a new botanical school, which is to be erected by Henry Phipps in Schenley Park, Pittsburgh, have been completed. This school will be the only one in the United States devoted exclusively to the study of botany and is to be so located with reference to the park conservatory that the plants there can be made use of for purposes of instruction. The institution is intended for the benefit of the pupils of the public schools, as well as for that of private classes.

A group of mechanics who are now returning from British India bring with them the story of an American expansion in which all can rejoice. They have just completed the construction of a great steel bridge in the Shan Hills of Burma, which is to be part of a railroad built by the government from Rangoon into China. The steel was made by a Pennsylvania concern, which secured the contract in competition with the world. Three great freighters conveyed the structural material across the seas, and forty mechanics went out to do the skilled work. Higher than the tallest office buildings of Philadelphia and nearly half a mile long, this bridge is a fitting monument to the expansion of American trade.

The representatives from Louisiana will make an effort to induce congress to provide for the translation and publication of some sixty volumes of manuscript now in the Ministry of Colonies of France, which relate to the early history of the Mississippi Valley. The existence of the works was discovered by Prof. Alcee Fortier, president of the Louisiana Historical Society, while making researches last summer. The volumes contain correspondence of the colonial governors, orders, proclamations, census, grants of land, registry of marriages, births, and deaths, accounts of the colony and various data referring to the colony from 1678 to 1807. This literature undoubtedly contains matter of great interest bearing on the early history of the Mississippi valley, but it might very well be translated and published at the expense of the states directly interested.

John A. Johnson, a manufacturer in Madison, Wis., has offered \$40,000 to the board of supervisors of Dane county, Wis., for the purpose of erecting and maintaining a home for aged people. In addition to the regular method of entering the home by the payment of not less than \$200, Mr. Johnson has conceived the idea of issuing admission policies similar to insurance policies, which may be taken out by people in youth or middle age to provide for their support and comfort in old age, or which may be taken out by any one for the support of a friend.

# VICTORIA IS DEAD

Edward VII, Prince of Wales, Now England's Ruler.

## A LONG LIFE ENDS MOST PEACEFULLY

### Seemingly No Pain Attends the Monarch's Dissolution.

#### MEMBERS OF ROYAL FAMILY AT BEDSIDE

News of Demise Quickly Spreads to Every Land and Condolences Pour in—Great Britain Mourns the Death of a Loving Sovereign.

Queen Victoria is dead, and Edward VII reigns.

At exactly half past six on the evening of January 22, Sir James Reid held up his hand, and the people in the room knew that England had lost her queen. The bishop pronounced the benediction.

The greatest event in the memory of this generation, the most stupendous change in existing conditions that could possibly be imagined, has taken place quietly, almost gently upon the anniversary of the death of Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Ghent.

The end of this career, never equaled by any woman in the world's history, came in a simply-furnished room in Osborne house. This most respected of all rulers living or dead, lay in a great four-posted bed, and made a shrunken atom, a cruel mockery of the fair girl who in 1837 began to rule over England.

#### Relatives Grouped Around

Around the queen were gathered almost every descendant of her line. Well within view of her dying eyes there hung a portrait of the prince consort. It was he who designed the room and every part of the castle. In scarcely audible words the white-haired bishop of Winchester prayed beside her as he had often prayed with his sovereign, for he was her chaplain at Windsor. With bowed heads the imperious ruler of Germany and the man who is now king of England, the woman who has succeeded to the title of queen, the princes and princesses and those of less than royal designation listened to the bishop's prayer. Six o'clock passed. The bishop continued his intercession. One of the younger children asked a question in shrill childish treble, and was immediately silenced. The women of this royal family sobbed faintly and the men shuffled uneasily.

#### HOW LONDON WAS NOTIFIED.

##### Scrap of Paper on Mansion House Conveyed Sad Tidings.

London, Jan. 22.—A scrap of paper a foot square posted on the wall of the Mansion house at 6:58 o'clock tonight gave the sentence to London's homeward hurrying thousands of the empress-queen's death and the advent of a king. Fifteen minutes later more than 1,000 newsboys had invaded the street with black-ruled newspapers, crying "Death of the queen," while through the dark street boomed the deep-toned notes of the big bell of St. Paul's cathedral and the bells of the city churches re-echoed the news.

All the theatres and places of entertainment, it is announced, will be closed indefinitely.

#### Funeral to be at Frogmore.

There is little doubt that the funeral of the queen will take place at Frogmore, though nothing in regard to this matter has yet been announced.

Her majesty was so closely related to the European courts, big and little, that the gathering of royalties at the obsequies will be unprecedented. The news of the queen's death reached all the towns in the kingdom a few minutes after it had been received by the lord mayor of London, and was quickly spread throughout the country districts by the tolling bells.

Jan. 23.—1:10 a. m.—Absolute silence reigned tonight in the vicinity of Buckingham palace and Marlborough house. A small bill, signed "Halfpenny," was posted outside, announcing the demise of the monarch. Everywhere tonight the one topic was what would happen under the new reign.

#### CLASH WITH MINERS.

##### Firearms Brought Into Play and One Killed.

Union miners, 150 strong, started on a march from Boxtown to Carbondale mines in Hopkins county, Kentucky, to stop the non-union men at work there. On the way a sheriff's posse of five men attempted to stop them and were answered by a shot. A fusillade followed, the miners retreating. One of their number, Bill Cook, was killed and another, John Taylor, died of his wounds in a few hours. Boxtown is reported deserted, but officers are searching for members of the marching party.

#### Domestic Found Dead in a Small Hotel of New York

The cause of the death of the domestic whose body was found the other night in a room in a small hotel at One Hundred and Twenty-second street and Amsterdam avenue, New York, has not been determined. The coroner will perform an autopsy. The man, Clarence M. Davis of Schenectady, who was found in the room with the woman and who was in a dazed condition, as though suffering from some powerful drug, is still in a semi-conscious condition.

# NEW KING HAILED.

Preparations Being Made for Albert Edward's Ascension.

London, Jan. 22.—At the offices of the Lord Chamberlain, at St. James Palace of the city remembrance at the guild hall and at the college of heralds the officials were busy today, even before the death of the queen was announced, preparing for the formalities which will attend the proclaiming of a new ruler for the kingdom of India. All the ancient gazettes, court dairies and other papers which describe the ceremonial of 1857 had been taken from the library that the officials might familiarize themselves with the forms of pageantry whereby a sovereignty is proclaimed.

The city remembrancer said today: "It will depend on the pleasure of the new monarch to decide how far the ancient customs will be modified to suit modern methods, but in a country where precedents are so firmly adhered to as England, it may be anticipated that we shall follow closely in the acts which prevailed when the queen ascended the throne.

"The privy council, which is a very large body, will meet at once at St. James palace, where the form of proclamation declaring that we, etc., with one voice and consent of tongue and heart declare and proclaim the high, mighty, Prince Albert Edward, etc., who, by the death of the monarch, has become our only lawful and rightful liege, etc."

#### THE COMMONER ISSUED

##### Mr. Bryan's Paper Out on Time—Many Friends Witness Its Birth

William Jennings Bryan's Commoner went to press Tuesday night, January 22. Mr. Bryan fed the first twenty copies of the paper through the press, special permission having been given him to do so by the Press Feeders' Union. Uncle Jake Wolfe turned the press. It had been announced that the Western Newspaper Union would start presses on The Commoner Tuesday night and at 7:30 the office was crowded with people gathered to see the paper printed. When the ceremony had ended Mr. Bryan gave each of his visitors a copy, writing his autograph across the head of the paper.

Mr. Bryan was late in arriving and it was 7:55 when he began to feed the press.

When Mr. Bryan came in he was greeted with cheers. He was bare-headed and ready for business, lacking only an apron which the crowd demanded that he put on. "You'll have to give me some instructions," he said as he stepped up onto the feeder's platform. Isaac Dean, head pressman, stood beside him and explained the necessary movements.

Uncle Jake began to tug and grunt at the wheel and the cylinder commenced to turn. Before the second impression had been made Uncle Jake sang out for "more steam" and stopped to ask "how many thousand" were to be printed. "Fifty thousand," said Mr. Bryan.

At the close of the ceremony Mr. Bryan, standing at the machine with the striped apron still on him, made a brief speech thanking the audience for the interest manifested. He then went to the folding machine and operated that for a few minutes. The papers which he ran off himself he took, numbered in the order of their appearance and will distribute among his family and closest friends. After securing these papers Mr. Bryan seated himself in the front office and set himself to the task of subscribing his name to the copies brought to him for that purpose by the recipients of his gift.

Monday it was calculated that an issue of thirty thousand would be sufficient, but the orders received Tuesday came in such number that it was deemed expedient to make the issue fifty thousand.

#### BELIEVE IT WAS PAT CROWE

##### Suspicious Acting Stranger Who Shipped to Liverpool.

When the steamer Michigan, which arrived at Boston from Liverpool last sailed from this port on December 22, she carried a suspiciously-acting stranger, who, although well dressed, shipped at the last moment as a cattle tender. He gave the name of Robert Lambert. The police were notified that this man who looked like Pat Crowe of Omaha, was on the steamer, but it was too late to intercept him. A cablegram was sent to Liverpool and after the Michigan reached that port word came back that the officers had found no one who answered Crowe's description. The officers and crew of the steamer were shown Crowe's picture and many of them were certain that the man was Crowe.

The bunkmate of Lambert is certain that the latter and Crowe were identical. Lambert acted queerly toward the end of the trip, giving away the good clothes he wore. He told the dock officer at Liverpool that he wished to get ashore quietly, as he was afraid friends would see him. He seemed to have plenty of money and in conversation told much about the west in an impersonal way.

#### NO BAR TO CONSOLIDATION

##### Street Car Companies Victorious in Missouri Court.

The Missouri supreme court, en banc, January 21, sustained a motion to quash the alternative writ of ouster in the St. Louis Consolidated Street railroad case, instituted by the attorney general, on the ground of illegal combination in violation of the anti-trust laws. This disposes of the case, and makes the recently enacted law, allowing the consolidation of street car companies, legal.

# LOVE IS BEST

By Florence Hodgkinson

## CHAPTER VI.

A HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD—Left her home on April 30, a young lady, aged 18, brown hair, grey-blue eyes, fair complexion, a very diminutive figure. When last seen was wearing a black tailor-made costume and a small lace toque trimmed with violets. The above reward will be paid to any one giving such information as may lead to her recovery. Apply to A. B. C. Porter's Library, Wilton Place."

Two people at Easthill read that notice and knew whom it concerned—Beryl Lindon, who rejoiced with all her heart that the gathering coldness of the April evening had made her put on her cloak before she left Easthill Station; and Harold Dynevor, who felt convinced that the young lady inquired for was no other than the lonely little traveler who had asked the way to Mrs. Tanner's school.

No doubt other people in the neighborhood read the advertisement, but none of them guessed it was in their power to earn the reward. Mrs. Wilmot had never seen her sister's teacher in walking attire, Mrs. Tanner never looked at the agony column. Helen Craven, who was of a romantic turn of mind, read the paragraph aloud to her family, and declared the poor girl it concerned had evidently escaped from a lunatic asylum; but Captain Tempest was at the Manor and engrossed most of her attention, so that she soon forgot the matter.

Beryl felt terribly nervous. She had expected her father to be rather relieved at her departure, and the advertisement seemed to imply he was set on finding her. She longed to confide in Mrs. Tanner; but, though she could have trusted the widow perfectly, the possession of such a secret would, if discovered, have embroiled her very much with her sister. So beyond a visit to the one draper's at Easthill-on-Sea, where she purchased a bunch of forget-me-nots to replace the violets in her toque, the advertisement made no immediate difference to Beryl.

As for Harold, he thought of it again and again. He could not get the girl's sweet, sad face out of his head. And after a few days' doubt and perplexity, during which the announcement was repeated in the paper every morning, he decided to call on Mrs. Grey, the wife of the curate-in-charge of the Easthill-on-Sea, and ask her openly for Mrs. Tanner's address.

He was prepared to face her wonder at the question, but it was spared him. The first greetings were barely over when little Olive Grey came in through the French window, with two or three school books strapped together, and a very important little face.

"You don't mean to say you send that mite to school?" Harold asked, when Miss Olive had installed herself on his knee. "Why, she can't be six!" "Turned eight, Mr. Dynevor. I should have sent her before, only there was no school here. A young widow, Mrs. Tanner, opened one in January, and Olive was one of her first pupils."

"I shouldn't have thought there were enough children for a school to pay."

"I think Mrs. Tanner must be getting on, for she has just started an assistant. Such a pretty girl! I saw her at church on Sunday and lost my heart to her. Lendon her name isn't it, Olive?"

"Yes; only one letter different from Mr. Lindon's," said Miss Olive; "and she comes from London, too."

The child ran off to her tea, and Mrs. Grey, who did not possess as much tact as kindness, suddenly asked: "Is it true that the Lindons are coming to live at the Manor when General Craven leaves?"

"I have no idea. I know it is rumored."

"Mr. Grey thinks the rumor only got about because Mr. Lindon refused to renew the general's lease."

"General Craven thinks he will renew it in the end, but is standing out for increased rent. The agent, Wilton, has hinted as much."

"Then it is probably true. Mr. Wilmot is very much in the big man's confidence. I do hope the Lindons won't come here."

Harold shrugged his shoulders. But he was unusually grave and thoughtful that evening. Before he went to bed he had written a very brief note to Beryl, enclosing the advertisement from the Telegraph.

"One who witnessed Miss Lendon's arrival at Easthill-on-Sea sends this to warn her she is being sought for. She may rely on his absolute silence now and always."

There was no signature. Beryl could not in the least imagine who sent the note, but she felt it was meant to be reassuring. And as May faded into June she tried hard to forget the dark shadows which hung threateningly over her pathway, and to be as happy as she could.

works very hard at home."

"But the Manor is called after them."

"And it ought to be theirs, only it isn't." She went on to give Beryl the full and particular story of Nina Dynevor's infatuation for Eustace Lindon, and the wrong it had led to. Beryl only kept silent by an effort. It was terrible to listen to the reproach of her own parents and say nothing; but deep down in her own heart the girl felt her gentle mother had never done the wrong ascribed to her. No, the will which left the Manor away from the Dynevors had been extorted from her weakness, not made of her own free will.

"I hope I have not tired you out," concluded Mrs. Grey, "you are looking very pale."

"I am generally pale, thanks."

The general stood on the steps of the Manor to welcome them. He looked a little astonished as Mrs. Grey introduced her companion—the girl was so unlike what he had expected; but he soon led the way to the huge marquee which had been erected in the grounds for the five stalls held by the elite of Easthill.

A smaller tent was devoted to flowers, yet another held refreshments, a ladies' orchestra—from Brighton, he it whispered—discoursed sweet music in a third. Mrs. Grey and Beryl hastened to their places, while the general went back to await the advent of the great lady who was to formally declare the fete open.

It looked to Beryl like fairyland; and when a few minutes later things were in full swing, and the people began to flock in, she proved herself quite an expert saleswoman. Many of the visitors thought Mrs. Grey's assistant the prettiest girl present.

"Harold," whispered Kitty Dynevor to her brother, when he made his appearance, "your fair traveler is here."

"What do you mean?" He asked, bewildered.

"Don't you remember asking if there were a school at Easthill-on-Sea, because a girl was making her way to it at the station one day? Well, the girl is just here at Mrs. Grey's stall; but she doesn't look like a school teacher, does she?"

She did not. It flashed on Harold that he had never seen a sweeter face. He thought the shadow on the grey eyes was lighter, and he wondered if she had ceased to worry over the hundred pounds reward offered for her recovery. She did not look in the least like a fugitive or a runaway.

Mrs. Grey's voice broke on his meditations.

"Mr. Dynevor, do take Miss Lendon to the house to have some tea. Mrs. Craven has some in the dining room specially for our benefit; the tent is only for outsiders, you know, who pay as they go. I have been there long ago; but I couldn't find any one to send with Miss Lendon, and, as she has never been inside the Manor, she does not like to go alone."

"I shall be only too pleased," said Harold; and the two left the marquee together.

It was not far, only a few hundred yards as distance went; but it seemed miles to Beryl because all the way she was trying to decide a question. One glance had told her that Mr. Dynevor had been at Easthill station when she arrived, therefore it must be he who sent her the advertisement and words of kindly warning. Should she allude to it or not?

It was only when she was in sight of the old Manor house that she made up her mind.

(To be continued.)

#### ODD OCCUPATION.

##### Professor of Being Buried Alive Testifies in a Courtroom.

One of the witnesses in a recent lawsuit in Cleveland was Edward Kaehn, the Cleveland leader says: "The examination of Kaehn proved to be very amusing. On the cross-examination Prosecutor Keeler demanded to know the business of the witness. The witness said that he lived at 325 Lake street, and was known as Prof. James Smith, and that his specialty was being buried alive for exhibition purposes. He declared that he never had really died, but claimed that he could lie in a grave six days and nights. He averred that he was ready at any time to be buried for \$500 per week, providing that there was a proper and an unmistakably trustworthy committee to play the role of resurrection angels should they be needed to save his life. He was rather reluctant about 'tipping off his act,' as he expressed it, but Judge Neff became interested and wanted to hear all about it. Kaehn declared that he has been placed in a coffin which had been properly upholstered, and that it has been lowered into a grave 6 feet 4 inches deep. An air shaft is constructed and the grave closed.

"What is the air shaft for?" asked the prosecutor.

"For air," replied Kaehn, "and for sending down the beer, water and grub."

"Then you always had to have air, did you?" continued the prosecutor.

"Oh, no. Sometimes I was completely buried for twenty-four hours. In a case of that kind a bucket of water was placed in the coffin and several sponges saturated with water. The water evaporated, and that furnished all the oxygen I needed to live on."

#### Godmothers to the Bells.

An odd ceremony took place in France not long ago in the baptism of two new bells for the Church of Preignac, in the department of the Gironde. Two pretty children, Miles, Mirveille de Girodard and Odette de Braquillange, were godmothers to the bells, and were dressed, respectively, in pale blue and pale pink.